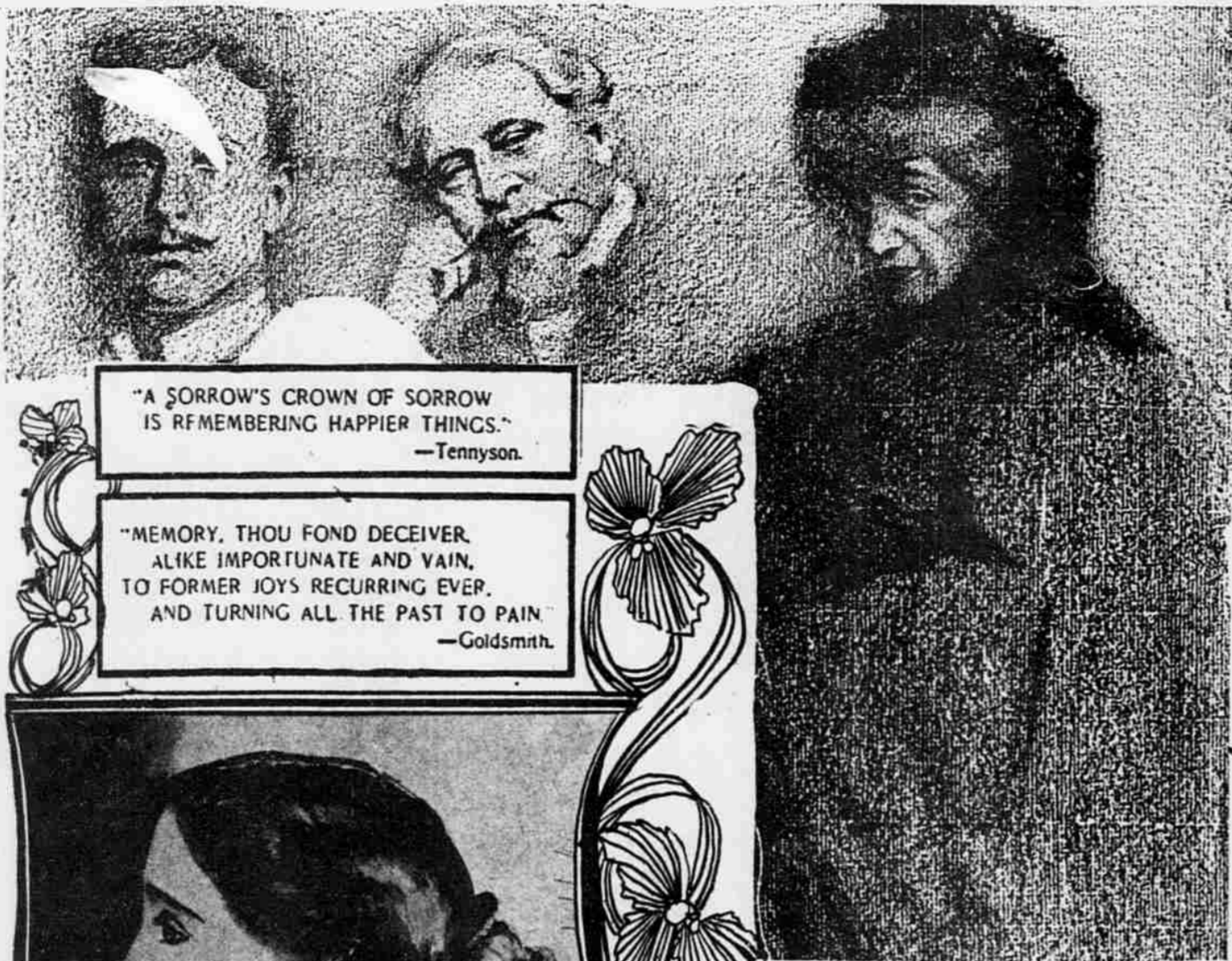


EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF SORROWS.

Pathos of the Once Regnant Sovereign of Beauty and Fashion in France
As She Revisits Incognito the Paris That Loved Her.



"A SORROW'S CROWN OF SORROW
IS REMEMBERING HAPPIER THINGS."
—Tennyson.

"MEMORY, THOU FOND DECEIVER,
ALIKE IMPORTUNATE AND VAIN,
TO FORMER JOYS RECURRING EVER,
AND TURNING ALL THE PAST TO PAIN."
—Goldsmith.

EMPERESS EUGENIE
FROM HER FAVORITE
PORTRAIT.

BY COUNT FLEURY.
WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Twice a year the Empress who once reigned by right of beauty, the most flattered of sovereigns, passes a few weeks at Paris on her way to or from the South. This year the illness, then the death of her cousin, the Princess Mathilde, kept Empress Eugenie in Paris longer than usual.

She received only her intimate friends, for in the Paris she loved so much everything she loved has disappeared. She returns merely as a traveler, and she holds to the strictest incognito.

From the windows of the Continental Hotel her sad eyes, now slightly dimmed, gaze at the garden of the Tuilleries from which she was torn by a whirlwind of revolutionary fury, at the palace where she triumphed, the temple of her resplendent beauty.

Sometimes in the Continental's arcade passersby are attracted by this white-haired woman as she walks leaning on a cane, dressed in the deepest mourning, to which she has clung since the death of the unfortunate Prince Imperial.

Instantly they recognize the Empress, whom they have not seen for years, and she has not been, whose charm has not faded, and whose features under the crown of misfortune, nobly borne, recall the memories of former tributes and command respect.

Those who saw her the other wintry morning in the Church of Saint Gratien bending low before the coffin of the niece of Napoleon I, recognized the gracious smile of old days.

She was the Countess of Teba. Eugene de Guzman, Countess of Teba, of undeniably ancient nobility, many times grandee of Spain, was born at Granada on May 26, 1826. She was the daughter of the Count of Montijo, Duke of Penaranda, and Maria de Kirpatrick, a descendant of the Kings of Scotland.

At Eaux-Bonnes in 1852 the arrival of the Countess or Montijo and her daughter made a sensation.

For this little Pyrenean town aroused from its torpor it was a marvelous apparition. It brought a crowd of admirers in its train, and from all the neighboring villages flocked the unfortunate to share in the generous alms which these Spanish ladies distributed daily.

A blind paralytic complained he could not bask himself to the kindly fairy. On the day that she left Mlle. de Montijo stopped her post chaise at the threshold of his hut and to console him for not being able to see her put two gold pieces in the hands he eagerly stretched toward her.

In gratitude the cripple was inspired to make this prophecy.

"May God make you Queen," he said, simply. A similar prophecy was made to Josephine when she was imprisoned in the Carmes during the Reign of Terror.

MARRIAGE KEPT SECRET TO LAST MOMENT.

For the Countess Eugenie the wish of the paralytic was realized in two months. Astonishing as it may seem, the marriage of Mlle. de Montijo with Napoleon III was kept secret to the last moment.

The President Prince had met the young Spanish girl, with whom he fell deeply in love at first sight, at Biarritz the year before.

From that moment he did not miss an opportunity to invite the Countess de Montijo and daughter to the Tuilleries, to the Chateau de St. Cloud, to the Tuilleries, to the Pont-neuf or to the hunt at Compiègne.

At each meeting his devotion became more and more marked.

The newspapers or the memories of his contemporaries followed closely the progress of the Prince's (later the Emperor's) attentions to the lovely visitor, but, with the exception of a few intimate friends, none knew the plan that Napoleon III had decided upon at Compiègne in the fall of 1852.

The Ministers and the aides-de-camp were divided into two camps.

One party wanted for Napoleon III an alliance with a princess of a reigning house; the others were satisfied with a union with a young, remarkably beautiful and clever girl, whose nobility equaled that of many princely houses and who, at the same time, had won the Emperor's heart.

Napoleon III, as soon as his mind was fairly made up, was careful not to inform the foreign courts.

The same sovereigns who had shown no anxiety to seek a family alliance with him as pretender, or even as President of the Republic, were differently disposed when that position of the sovereign of the French people was definitely fixed.

Suddenly the news burst like a clap of thunder. On January 23 Napoleon announced from the throne to the high officials of state his marriage to the woman of his choice.

For eighteen years the Empress knew nothing but triumph.

She received the admiration and flattery of a nation, and the homage of all the sovereigns of Europe, who were brought to her court by the Universal Exposition in a last great triumphant festival.

Then, suddenly, cruelly, the whole edifice crumbled at once; happiness, popularity, everything vanished. Even her home, the Tuilleries and St. Cloud, were given to the flames.

ENTERING THE PATH OF SORROW.

The path of sorrow which she entered in 1870, with the outbreak of war, followed by Sedan, ended in the terrible catastrophe in Zululand.

What does she preserve of this splendid past, of these triumphs and glorious memories?

Bitter and biting memories that recall as in a dream all she loved and lost. She has taken her precious things to Farnborough, opposite the church she built, in the crypt of which lie the remains of her husband and son.

There are souvenirs of the happy days and of recent sorrows. The Decameron of Winterhalter, showing the Empress surrounded by her ladies in waiting; bits of wreckage from the Tuilleries, portraits of the unfortunate Prince, ever the most personal objects which recall his infancy or youth, have been collected by the insoluble mother.

In a glass case inclosed like a shrine is the last uniform, the cloth cut by assailed blows and a saddle with broken holsters. Opposite them the tragedy itself is preserved in the paintings of Frotals.

Days of anguish and of ceaseless mourning have left their indelible traces on the pallid features of the Empress.

At Farnborough, in her Villa Cyrene, or on a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean, or during her brief visits to Paris, when she loves to see the friends of the past, the veil of melancholy never leaves her.

She takes part in the lives of others. She complains neither of the cruelty of fate nor of the injustice of men. Courageous in the face of death and illness, she has also been able to meet life bravely. Her noble spirit, sustained by faith, has practiced Christian resignation.

MAXINE ELLIOTT AT REHEARSAL

Star of "Her Own Way" and Clyde Fitch, the Author, Were More Than Two Months In Staging the New Society Comedy.



REHEARSING A DIFFICULT POINT.

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CHARLES W. LEADBEATER, EXPONENT OF THEOSOPHY, SOON TO VISIT ST. LOUIS.

System of Philosophy He Teaches Is More Intricate Than That of Swedenborg, Picturing as It Does Worlds Within Worlds, Universes Upon Universes, Life in the Lowest Grades and Life Immeasurably Advanced.



CHARLES W. LEADBEATER.

Theosophist and "mystic" who will visit St. Louis.

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HOW TO FIT UP A GUEST ROOM

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Nothing warms the coming guest more warmly than a well-fitted guest room. For the desk a perpetual calendar, the pincushion and a memorandum slate, a luxury. These are to be had in combination.

Additional comforts are a leather box filled with elastic bands and a twine receptacle forming a pin cushion, at the lower end of which is a narrow case for the holding of a small pair of scissors.

A small tray with a tiny silver candlestick for the heating of wax in mailing letters is another guest-room treasure. An exceedingly attractive affair is the guest book. It is of dark red or black leather, long and of medium width. At the head of each page are the captions, "Name," "Residence," "Arrival," "Departure," "Remarks." A guest book makes interesting reading, for under the title of remarks come complimentary messages, pretty quotations and original verses and epigrams.

Small dressing mirrors should be hung in a convenient corner, and the pincushion should be kept well filled. For a pretty

Little Comforts That Make a Visitor Feel at Home.

guest-chamber pincushion take an old-fashioned napkin ring of silver, stuff it lightly with hair, covered with white satin and embroider a gilded spider's web in the center.

For jewel pins there are fruit cushions of every sort. As the last touch of comfort have always ready a small work basket filled with sewing materials for the stitch taken in time.

The guest, too, can do much to make the hostess feel that her visitor has appreciated the hospitality extended her.

"I always make it a point to leave some trifle behind me as a souvenir," said one woman who recently returned from a visit at a country house.

She found a bed fan, a satin affair, edged with silk lace. It was in the form of a palm leaf, and of the same shade of the tint which furnishes the guest chamber. In the center were the initials of the hostess in a pretty monogram of silver letters. The handle was wound with satin ribbon of the pinkish tone, and had a long loop and ends by which to hang it. On the day of my going I hung it to the bedpost with a two-verse jingle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Stage atmosphere is created at rehearsal.

Upon the skill with which dramatic situations and small details are worked out at rehearsal depends the success or failure of a play.

"Her Own Way," the Clyde Fitch comedy in which Maxine Elliott is starring this season, is a comedy of society, and one in which there are a great many details to add realism to the picture.

It is a play in which failure to accurately portray a delicate touch suggested by the author might mean failure of the audience to grasp the proper meaning of the scene.

"Her Own Way" probably is the most rehearsed play of the entire season.

Work commenced in London last summer, while Maxine Elliott was abroad. Clyde Fitch, the author, met Miss Elliott and her manager, Charles B. Dillingham, in London in July and read the play to them. Then, for nearly two weeks, they were daily reading rehearsals between Miss Elliott and Mr. Fitch, in which Miss Elliott read her own lines and Mr. Fitch alternated as the hero and the villain.

The real rehearsals of "Her Own Way" commenced in New York in August and continued for five weeks under the personal direction of Fitch.

Miss Elliott told us unceasingly that she was threatened with physical collapse just a week before she made her stellar debut.

The first thing to be done at a rehearsal of a new play is to have the author read the play to the company.

Mr. Fitch always enjoys this performance, and he reads his play with great sincerity and earnestness.

Sometimes the audience of players laughs. When Fitch read "Her Own Way" to Miss Elliott and the assembled company, it is a matter of historic record that every member of the company roared with laughter at the scene where Bella Shindie, the lady hairdresser, tells of the departure of her sweetheart, Mr. Gooch, the floor walker, who has gone away to the war.

Fitch stopped reading and looked puzzled, when the company laughed.

"I meant that scene to be pathetic," said the author. The players immediately became very sober. "But," continued Fitch, "I see that the scene made you all laugh spontaneously. Very well then—it shall be played to get laughs." And so it is.

Miss Elliott found her first difficulty in rehearsing "Her Own Way," when she came to a scene in which she is required to crawl under a small table while running with children.

This is in the first act, and the stage business requires that she shall hide from Dick Coleman, her lover, when he enters unexpectedly. Then she is to crawl gracefully from beneath the table.

"How can anyone crawl out gracefully?" inquired Miss Elliott.

Fitch scratched his head and tried to solve the difficult problem.

"Upon my word if anyone could get out of it gracefully, you should," he said, gallantly, to Miss Elliott.

"Pretty speeches," she responded, "but they won't help me to crawl from under the table. Besides, what of my gown? This one won't tear, but suppose I wear an expensive lace gown? Think of the damage."

"I have it," suddenly cried Fitch. "I'll give you a line to speak as you crawl from under the table."

"Much obliged, I'm sure," responded Miss Elliott. "What is the line?"

Fitch was already at the prompt table writing it down. In a moment he handed her a slip of paper.

"Put that in your part," he said, "and see if that doesn't make it easier for you to crawl out gracefully."

Miss Elliott, once more under the table, tried the line as she crawled out. This was the line:

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

A "mystic," one who claims possession of strange "psychic" powers that give him access to the secrets of the hereafter, is to visit St. Louis.

He is Charles W. Leadbeater, formerly a minister of the English Protestant Church, now celebrated as an exponent of theosophy. Accompanying him are two students, Basil Hodgson-Smith and Douglas Pettit, one English, the other Canadian. The theosophy comprehends a strange

Sketch from Theosophist painting which purports to show the appearance of man with his astral body while under the influence of intense anger. The painting is declared to have been done from life by an artist possessing "clairvoyant vision." The emotion is declared to have a specific effect within the aura, or "electric egg," which Theosophists say surrounds every human being.

Oriental teaching, telling an eloquent, though exotic, story of the evolution of the universe from a spiritual cosmic whirl. More intricate than the Swedenborgian system, it pictures worlds within worlds, universes upon universes, life in the lowest grades and life immeasurably advanced—all moving in an evolutionary path.

To the great majority this will be but one vast suggestion, to be studied as if it were a large, imaginative painting. But this Mr. Leadbeater and some few like him assert a direct, clairvoyant or special knowledge of its truth.

He is considered by his followers to have been a pupil at those hidden shrines of India; shrines, theosophists declare, often sought, but seldom found, and then only by the worthy; shrines, over which the mediums are said to be highly evolved spirits.

Arriving here next Saturday, he will be entertained by the local lodge of Theosophists, which has headquarters in the Stumptown building, Vandeventer and West Belle. There, upon Sunday morning, he will deliver a short address. Other meetings are yet to be arranged, one or more at some large hall.

Leadbeater is a follower of the Mme. Blavatsky who did much to add spice to the intellectual history of the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century.

After a somewhat unregulated life, she lived the most of her declining years in India, there claiming to pursue mystic studies and activities, and to have received "powers" which have left her a wide-spread fame.

Causing plants to grow instantaneously, sending letters through space at an incredible speed, receiving strange messages from his mysterious mentors—these were some of the wonders which are sworn to as facts by several of her associates of that day. Fitch ideas attach to a study of Mr. Leadbeater.

He appears, socially, a pleasant-mannered, mild-eyed, courteous gentleman. He speaks evenly, but expressively, and without gestures. His high brow, soft beard, wide forehead, give him the look of intellectuality, which is further emphasized by a certain poise.

His figure does suggest an athletic robustness, which would hardly be expected considering that he never touches meat and lived five years of his life on a handful of rice a day. But his health, he says, is regularly good, and he argues that meat-eating is unnecessary to man and a blot upon the present civilized era. As for any great muscular strength, he does not need it and does not cultivate it.

HIS OBJECTION.

TO MEAT-EATING.

An illustration of his objection to meat-eating is found in his criticism of Chicago. By reason of his astral vision, which he says renders him sensitive to conditions on the "plane," when approaching the windy city he claims to experience a sensation of horror.

He tells of horrible and ugly shapes in air, of sickening moans and groans, of agony-stricken beings which are suffering from the astral interpretation of the outward world. Such, he says, is the astral counterpart of consequences of the wholesale slaughtering which is taking place at the stock yards.